

The Snow Fairy

By Martha B. Thomas

like to talk with children who are ill and can't go out. I just came from a house down the street where a baby is cutting a tooth. Such a cunning baby! I played hide and seek under its chin, and you should have heard him



Away They Went.

gurgled! He forgot all about that tooth that was making so much fuss about coming through. I left him kicking up his heels and crowing like a young rooster."

Sally and Jerry laughed. "Shall I dance for you?" asked the Snow Fairy politely.

"Oh, yes!" beseeched the children. Up jumped the white little person, and in the twinkling of an eye she had begun. The children never saw such dancing in their lives. Never!

The Snow Fairy pruned on top of the clock; she whirled like a crystal prism. She jumped down and made a low bow to a china shepherdess, and then the shepherdess threw away her crook and danced with the fairy. Away they went, whirling and bobbing and turning and dipping. They jumped over vases; they peeked out behind pictures, they fairly flew through the air until you could not tell which was the Snow Fairy and which the china shepherdess.

Jerry and Sally clapped their hands and laughed until they could laugh no longer. They forgot all about parties and new slippers and making snow-men.

Then the strangest thing happened. They could not see the Snow Fairy at all. She wasn't there, and if you'll

believe me, the china shepherdess was standing stiffly in her old spot as though she'd never had a thought of moving in her life.

"Dear me!" said Sally, rubbing her eyes.

"Dear me!" said Jerry, rubbing his eyes. Mother came in soon after that. She stood smiling down upon them.

"Both you children were sound asleep on your stools when I was in here before. Do come and have something good to eat. I have a little party all ready for you."

And Sally and Jerry never said a word about the Snow Fairy. But they were as cheerful as cherubs the rest of the day.

ANIMALS AT PEACE

Strange Armistice of Ferocious Beasts Occurs Under Moon Change.

Deep in the evergreen forests of the Northwest the trees are bowing gracefully with loads of freshly fallen snow, relates a Bellingham, Wash., correspondent. A death-like silence reigns in the woods. Among all wild life there is a rustling of suppressed excitement because at this season of the year a queer change of the lunar system is known as the "call of the moon" affecting every animal and bird.

At the sign of the "moon call" hunters declare the wolf pauses in his hunt. The lynx and wolverine, the marten fisher and weasel note the "call of the moon" and for a time are apparently very friendly, often playing together in the tree tops.

Farther north the white faced caribou and the moose have just passed the rutting season and the bulls are leaving their harems of cows. Moose, caribou, deer and elk at this time of year have been observed mingling one with the other in more or less affectionate manner.

The moon call has its strange effect even on the large birds of the Northwest, for the great horned and Arctic owls for a time cease their dusk and twilight quest of the snow-shoe hare and the ptarmigan and bald eagles perch on the same hoarfrosted crag.

Just what phenomenon of nature causes this truce among the animals and birds is not known, but to trappers, Indians and well-informed hunters the fact remains. In about three

weeks the moon changes into the last quarter and once more ferocious activity prevails. The wolves and coyotes resume warfare against the rabbits, and the owls seek the ptarmigan. But just now the wide expanse of the far northland, according to those who are in woodlore, the days of armistice are strangely alike to those of our own.

NOT IN THE SOUTH

Black Belt Raid in New York Jails 83 Whites.

Eighty-three white men and women arrested early Sunday in a raid on a Negro cabaret in Harlem New York, were held in \$500 bail each for examination Tuesday by Magistrate McQuade in the Washington Heights

Court yesterday. The usual custom in such cases is to discharge the prisoners with a reprimand.

The prisoners consisted of twenty-nine women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two and fifty-four men. They were caught by Inspector John F. Sweeney and a squad of his men in the cabaret known as "Shuffle Inn," No. 165 West 131st Street. The prisoners were taken to the West 135 Street Station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct, and later to the Washington Heights Court, where two of the women fainted while awaiting arraignment.

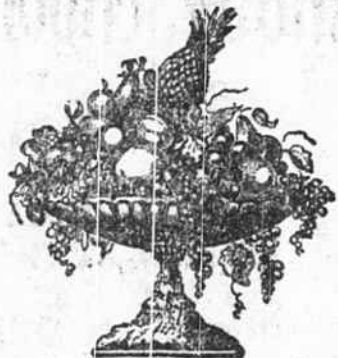
Inspector Sweeney told the magistrate the raid was the result of numerous complaints from parents that their daughters were visiting the

cabaret, and that when the place was raided, some of the prisoners were indulging in improper dances, others were sitting on men's laps and loud and improper language was being used. The magistrate told the prisoners there are sufficient white cabarets for white folks to visit without going to places maintained for Negroes. He remanded them all and they were led downstairs to wait the appearance of friends with the necessary bonds.

Many of the women became hysterical when they were transferred to

Jefferson Market yesterday afternoon. The men were sent to the Harlem Prison.

A new electric fly-killer consists of a panel frame connected with a transformer which is attached to a lighting circuit. Parallel rows of wire, carrying a current of 500 volts, cross this frame. The frame is placed where flies congregate and as they are attracted to the wire, they are killed by the high voltage. Rat traps along the same lines have been perfected.



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LET "OLD GEORGE" CUT IT

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Geo. A. Sherer

"I don't care about the old party!" declared Jerry scornfully. "What I want is to get out and make a snow-man. Look at all this perfectly good snow going to waste! I call it a shame!" And you would have thought by his tone that all blizzards were invented for the express purpose of giving little boys the opportunity of playing in it.



"I Call It a Shame!"

late afternoon and growing a little dark.

Suddenly Sally's pigtail stuck out straight behind her in surprise.

"What's that?" she whispered, and her eyes were big as saucers.

"Where?" asked Jerry, a little startled too.

"I saw something white flit in at the door!"

"So did I."

The children looked cautiously around. Nothing was to be seen.

Just an ordinary room, a bright fire and two children in front of it.

"Funny," mused Sally.

There was the faintest rustle by the clock on the mantel. It sounded like snowflakes talking together.

"There! I heard something again!" said Sally.

Both children stared at the clock for that was where the sound came from.

It was quite dark by this time, except for the light from the logs, so it was natural that Jerry and Sally did not at first see the little person perched on the edge of the mantel.

"How do you do?" asked a tiny voice. It tinkled like a fairy sleigh-bell.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Sally.

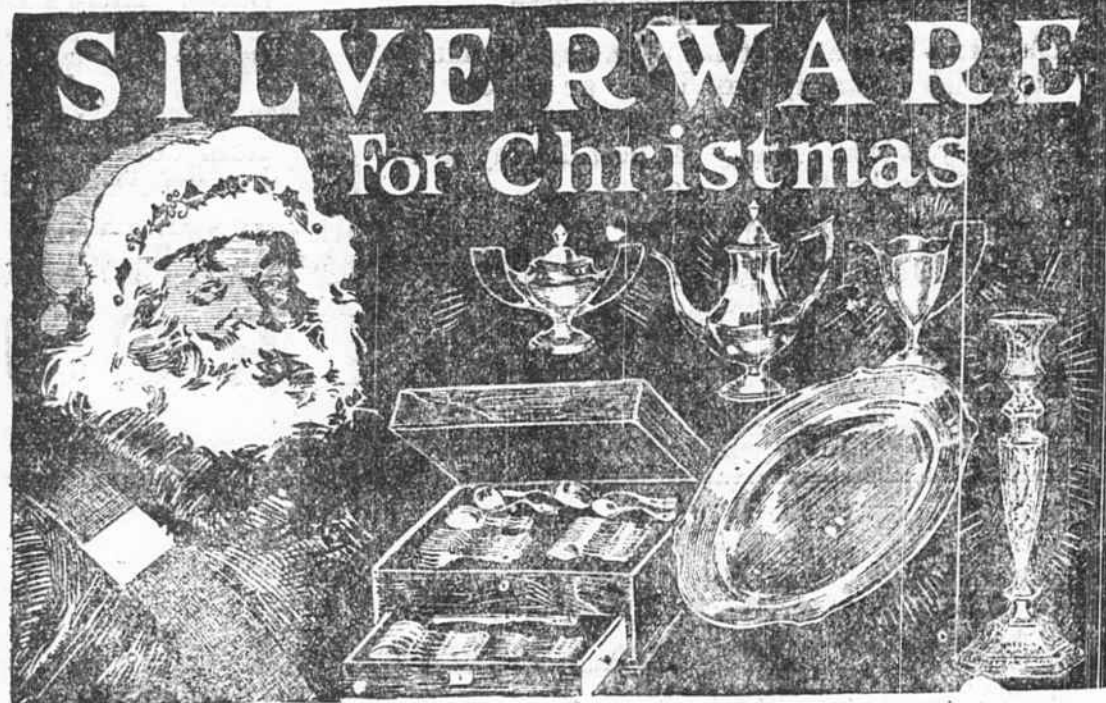
Jerry just winked his eyes very fast.

"Here I am up by the clock," tinkled the voice again.

And sure enough, there she was indeed! The children saw her now. A wee, slender bit of a thing about the size of a sweet pea. And she was the whitest creature you could imagine. Snowflake ruffles with crystal trimming, little jewels in her hair, and eyes bright and frosty as stars.

Jerry and Sally gasped. Sally wanted to jump up and hug her. But you can't do that with a Snow Fairy; she'd melt all to pieces in your fingers, and then where would you be?

"I have come to pay you a little call," laughed the fairy, "because I



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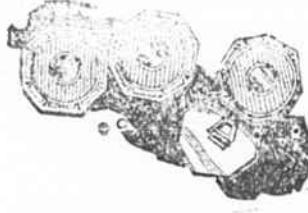
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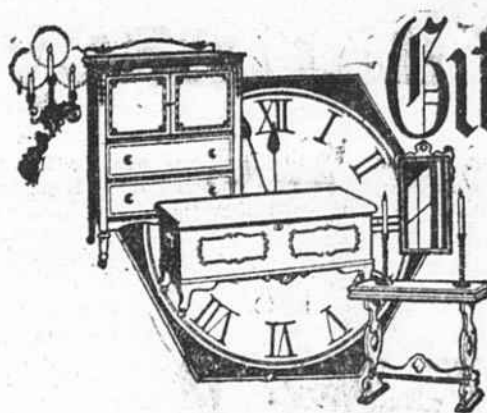
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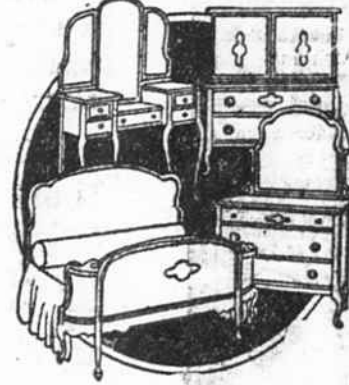
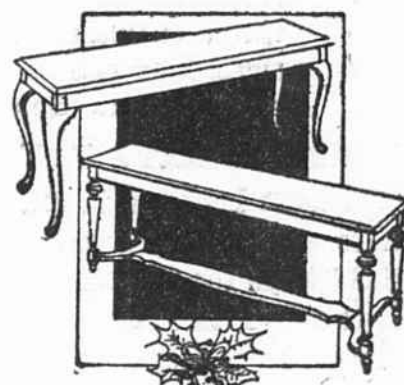


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